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## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1855.

THE Editors of THE CRAYON would not have it understood that they endorse the extracts they make from books or papers in all cases. The opinions of men are often given as matter of interest, although THE CRAYON might dissent entirely from them.

In order to distinguish between the communications by artists and those non-artistic, the former will, hereafter, in all cases, be signed in black letter, the latter, as usual, in Roman capitals.

We should be obliged to our weekly exchanges if they would place us on the footing of the monthlies in the matter of notices.

REV. LUCIUS CRANDALL is authorized to travel and obtain subscriptions for THE CRAYON.

We shall omit our usual leader until the warm weather shall have passed, and enabled us to return to the regular exercise of our powers of thought, and shall at the same time endeavor to give our readers more light reading, fitting for the weather. In the fearful heat to which we are subjected in the city, it is often impossible to perform any severe mental labor, and we presume equally difficult for our readers to labor through it.

## Sketchings.

## THE SKETCHER—No. VIII.

PLAINFIELD, Aug. 24.

OF all the wearisome spirits which beset the artist, that of hunting the picturesque is at once the most profitless and vexatious. Days and days I have spent in my earlier experience, in over-running the country for "bits" and fine points of view, and abusing the landscape for my own want of perception, for in the very rambles which seemed so barren of result, I had passed work enough for a lifetime. One does not learn easily that beauty is in us primarily and in the landscape only secondarily—that the harmonies of color and unities of form must be *felt* as beautiful before they can be *seen* as picturesque. Some years since, when I commenced sketching, being on an excursion on the hills which lie at the south of the Mohawk, I caught a glimpse of the topmost peaks of the Kaatskills looming over the Helderburg. The sight was suggestive of a magnificent view from the top of the latter hill, and without further consideration I started with only my portfolio, for that point, which was about twelve miles distant. I reached the peak which I had marked out, that afternoon, but found a still higher peak between me and my view, which, surmounted, only disclosed still another, and at nightfall I stopped at a roadside inn, confidently expecting to have a good time sketching the next morning, for it seemed impossible that a bluff hill, at the foot of which was the inn, should not give me the requisite elevation.

Morning came, and refreshed by sleep, I took the road again, to find my hill only the centre of a wilderness of knolls; hills, valleys, and gorges, but beyond which were visible no Kaatskills. The blue, filmy billows still mocked me, but determined not to be mocked for nothing, I followed the direction I had marked out by my pocket compass, without any reference to roads, making a straight track for the highest point of land in range with the position of the Mountains. To make a long story short, that after-

noon as the sun was setting, I emerged from the labyrinth in which I had been journeying, and found myself on the northern side of the valley that lies on the north side of the range, where it turns back from the Hudson, and is lost in the hilly land of the interior of New York State. The view was fine, but the sun had set in an autumn haze before I found my point, and I again concluded to rest all night, to make my sketch in the morning, and start directly for home, from which I was distant nearly forty miles by the shortest route, and which I must reach the next night without fail. I rose before the sun, and found the landscape enveloped in a fog so dense that no object could be seen at the distance of a hundred rods. I waited until nine o'clock for the fog to lift, but found no prospect of its shadow or obscurity being less, when I took up my line of march for home without a sketch. I reached my boarding-house late in the evening, disgusted with the result of a three-days hunt after a picturesque view.

One would think that such an experience would last one a life-time—but only yesterday having crawled out for the first time after several weeks illness, I spent the whole of my strength, and all the afternoon, in a vain search for a subject for a study. I learn anew that it is not the subject which makes the picture always, and that they search in vain for studies who do not find them by every road-side. To-day I walked down to the foot of the garden, where a lazy brook forms its boundary and divides it from a green pasture. Along the opposite bank are sycamores and some quaint crab-trees making a thicket, which casts a dense shade on the green turf, broken here and there by a ray of the morning sunlight which comes through the foliage and brings the grass and weeds on which it rests, out of the common obscurity. Under this shade at hot noon-tides the cattle stand, so that the turf looks somewhat bare and worn; and two or three paths may be traced through the green, leading to the water-side. The bank breaks down to the water with miniature ravines and ridges, the grass forest breaking open and showing the red soil beneath. There are glancing lights and blue reflections on the blades, and then the light falls broad on the nearer bank when it goes under water, and then the water itself grows of a golden brown where the sun enters it—and the long branch of the sycamore that reaches out this way, throws a shadow on the bottom through the shallow water. I see the stones and leaves beneath, and the tiny fish flitting about in the shadow and out again, and still under this are the reflections of the passages of blue sky, and the weedy bank, and the trees above. The play of color is most marvellous, and the effect of the whole no less so, for, beyond the heavy shade of the grove is a green pasture brilliant in the sunlight, against which the trees, with interlacing boughs and scattered foliage, are relieved darkly. Beyond is the range of the Blue Hills passing away into dim blue haze. Above, the broad leaves of the sycamore, each one a study,

lie motionless and waiting to be studied. The rich yellow green of the transmitted lights, the cold brilliant green of the direct sunlight, and the deep modulated shadows, present an endless play of tints, and light, and shade. Each twig is a subject, and would, seemingly, require a summer to exhaust it. I had done better to have studied this yesterday, than to have been wearily wandering over green fields finding nothing. Yet, probably, I passed in that same ramble a thousand scenes like this in which unmeasured beauty waited to be called out. Truly, as Ruskin says, the spirit of choice is a base one.

## WILD HONEY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—So long is it since you have heard from me, you may have thought of me as, in my insect character, destroyed by some hay-maker, or, in my human character, cut down by the scythe of Time. The fact is, I have been in the country, and have something to tell you of it, now that I have returned. For I am not one of those tormentingly busy and restless creatures who write letters at all times, in all places—who never see a waterfall or a cornfield, but they forthwith clap pen to paper and send a description by the next mail. To be sure, as a bee, I

"Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower."

But I sip silently the honey of beauty and truth, and store it away against the time of need. When I rusticate, I rusticate—leaving stationery behind me, holding it for the time in abhorrence, and hardly summoning resolution enough to write a business letter, until my return to duty, when of course I awake refreshed as from a long sleep, and work with a terrible energy. The mind must lie utterly fallow at times, if it would be productive.

There is another great benefit of this plan. The soul is not stirred up with the ugly sticks of labor and purpose; it is not kept turbid by forced action; it has time to settle into transparency, and it comes insensibly to deeper, more earnest views of truth, of life, of existence; that is, if one's vacation be passed, not in crowds and frivolities, but, like mine, in rural quiet, in home intercourse, and with the accompaniment of a little solid and suggestive reading. What we need, at intervals, is to look Nature and self steadily in the face for days and weeks together—to think, and think, and think, not with effort, but letting the mind act of itself. Thus do more clear, rational, comprehensive ideas gradually dawn upon us; thus may the vapors of vanity melt and float away. What we need, too, is so to get aloof, for a while, from the sphere of our work and daily influences, that we shall see it all in perspective, as related to the wide universe. Thus shall we cease to magnify trifles, to distort proportions; and thus may we review and estimate our labors and tendencies. Especially, I opine, do we need to get back occasionally to our native region, take fresh root in its congenial soil, and compare together our former and our present selves. In some, or all, of these ways, have I found my six weeks vacation rich in inward results, though at first glance the time might seem mentally wasted. In the olden time, men grew wise by musing, and serene meditation.

But I am getting prosy—a "droning bee," as the poet hath it. I am giving you the mealy bee-bread of my wisdom, instead of the honeyed poetry of my observation. So now for another advantage of my inkless vacation, which is that a disuse of the pen allows memory time to

strain out the memorable from the worthless mass of incident and scene. I will give you a drop or two of what is to me the clarified recollections of my trip.

On the steamboat, a beautiful child sat on the marble before a large mirror, reaching nearly to the floor. So fascinated was the child with its own image—so perfectly did it believe the reflex to be a living playfellow, that the remarks of a crowd of people who had gathered around could but momentarily divert the little girl from her new-found companion. She talked to the image; she threw herself into every graceful attitude conceivable, and laughed aloud to see the shadow imitate her. She placed her hand upon the glass, and said, "Why, I can't get your hand;" she lay down, and slyly peeped under her curls, to know if the other self did so also; she rose and kissed it, and laughed, and kissed it again; and when led away at last, she pouted, and looked back in sorrow to find the companion gone. I watched her a good hour, in renewed admiration of her sunny beauty, her graceful motions, her faith in the illusion; many times I wished myself an artist. Among all the memories of the summer, that will remain one of the loveliest.

The next day I saw another mirror, and other beautiful forms playing before it, and reflected in it. It was the Mohawk river, and the beautiful elms and willows that skirt it—children of sun and rain, rocking in the breeze. Surely, they have left the meadows, and gathered along the water-brink. The farmers have not left them there; the water does not nourish them there; they come to see their charming images. The breeze does not wave them; they toss their arms and clap their leafy palms, in very gladness at the mimicry of their reflected forms and motions.

On another steamboat, going up the inlet of a lake, I saw on either side a Newport—a Cape May—thronged with bathers. They were lilies; before the prow came abreast of them, the backward current produced by the wheels lowered the water-level, so that their stems stood up out of the stream; then, as the current sucked more strongly, their clustered companies made lowly obeisance towards the boat; then down they all soused under the foam together, out of sight, and came up again in the tumultuous swell, rocking, tumbling, splashing, in delightful confusion. I could almost see the fairy eyes, and hear the fairy laughter of the lily-bathers, with their white hands and faces, and green dresses.

One sunrise did I positively behold. My observations were these: the nearer sky, towards the horizon, was a decided, pale, golden-green; but, beyond that, was another illuminated sky of cold, light blue, quite distinct from it, and higher and wider. The clouds were cirro-stratus, and, nearer and lower, cumulo-stratus—the latter dark and cold while the former was illuminated, at first with pale color, then deepening into orange, until the dark mass of the cumulo-stratus was also touched with red, and the whole turned to purple. Then all the clouds faded into the cool tints of day, as the sun rose to sight. In the successive lighting up of clouds at sunrise, the rays of the hidden orb are a sea-sawing plank laid across the horizon: the sun is a boy at the lower end, and the clouds at different altitudes are the boy at the other end at various altitudes; as the sun approaches the horizon, his light comes down from one cloud region to another.

One fact might be readily anticipated, but it was so novel to me that I concluded I never should have observed Nature to any purpose, had I not been taught to do so by Ruskin. Towards Albany the river-water is fresh, light, elastic, and shallow; the swell raised by the boat is very high, and the first billow runs out at a great angle to the boat, from a little behind the wheel. In the morning, near New

York, I was surprised to notice how low was the swell of the boat, and that the first billow ran back from near the stern, at a small angle. The heaviness and immobility, as well as depth of the salt-water, is, of course, the explanation, as it is also of the greater creaminess of the wake. The boat-swell is a peacock's train, bluer and full-spread up the river, but drooping, closing together and turning white as it comes towards the briny sea.

But, I cannot begin to tell my fresh discoveries in Nature, with the enthusiasm of which you will sympathize, though the observations be old to you. As to Art, I made my first attempt to paint directly from Nature; all day I worked at a canvas ten inches by twelve, with a somewhat gratifying and a considerably dissatisfying result. But my rather weak, dull and confused picture learned me better to appreciate Hart's mysterious, suggestive strokes and strong colors, and Kensett's bright-spotted, thickly scattered lights. A better appreciation and enjoyment of others' work is all that I hope from my occasional attempts with the brush.

Art is certainly encouraged in the country, judging from the fact that there are now five resident artists, and two sojourning ones, in a central New York town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants. Five of the seven are portrait-painters, one a landscapist, and the remaining one attends to either branch of the Art. In another town of the same region, I found Kensett's brother-in-law—N. I. Kellogg—working at some good studies of rock and of forest.

Truly, your humble

BUMBLE-BEE.

#### THE DANAÆ.

BOSTON, Aug. 28.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We are quite impatient at all this talk about "The Danaë" in the Athenæum—impatient to see the matter gravely discussed in a journal that speaks from so high a platform as THE CRAYON—for the picture has no value whatever; and I feel well assured you need only give it one glance to convince yourselves that such is the fact. It would be comic, if it were not sad, to see our Art education in such a low state that this worthless picture can be spoken of as destined "to do a good work in improving public taste;" and that by one who, by his long study of Art, ought to be able to distinguish the great from the little; for the capacity of a poet is not more visibly stamped in his books, than that of the artist on his picture; and it is marvellous how any one who has seen even engravings after the works of Titian, could, for a moment, admit the idea that his pencil ever touched this feeble picture.

The Claude belongs to the same rank; and the less that is said in favor of either, the more creditable to the taste of the parties concerned.

I ought, perhaps, to apologize for this intrusion, but I am too much interested in the Art education of our people not to feel impatient at such errors.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if you will only step into the Athenæum and see with your own eyes, and I think you would be moved to say just the right word about them, if, indeed, they are worth any.

ARTIST.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Cumming's School of Design, which opens for the season on the 10th instant. In addition to the usual department of drawing, "Classes and Lectures will be established under competent instructors, provided the demand is sufficient to cover the necessary disbursements, in any of the following studies:—Perspective, Anatomy, Sculpture, and Modelling; Wood Engraving, Architecture, and Mechanical Draw-

ing, Living and Costumed Models, Composition, School of Ornament, and the Arts of Design as applied to the Mechanic Arts."

For those who wish to acquire a practical knowledge of drawing, Mr. Cumming's school offers great facilities; and pupils are certain to find in him that attention which contributes so much to render study both pleasant and profitable.

#### ROGERS.

He throws the crumbs upon the sward,  
With hand of kindest meaning;  
His temples round, his snowy hair  
Waves gently in the morning air,  
As 'gainst the casement leaning,  
He gazeth on his sparrows there.

Benignant brow and softest eye,  
That ancient bard possesses,  
And every morn his calm delight,  
To watch his birdlings' trustful flight,  
As seeking his caresses,  
They hover round and here alight.

They hop and chirp among the grass,  
With ringlets sleek and glossy,  
And backs, that glisten in the sun  
As when it shines the dew upon,  
That gems some pebble mossy,  
And full of joyousness each one.

These birds, they are like fancies fair,  
That flutter into metre,  
And as their plumes so varied shine,  
Each seems to make a living line  
Of some bright song, and sweeter  
Than e'er a poet could divine.

With eye that is too dim to read,  
He looketh, and communing,  
Lives o'er again with rapture strong,  
Those hours that did to Heaven belong,  
When erst his lyre attuning,  
He sung of memory the song!

#### FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

PUBLICATION OF ASSYRIAN INSCRIPTIONS.—Surprise has been often expressed that, whilst ample funds have been provided, both by Parliamentary grants and by private subscription, for carrying on excavations in Assyria and Babylonia, so little should have been done towards utilizing the results. On this head, however, there will soon be no longer room for reproach; for the Trustees of the British Museum, as we are informed, convinced of the great importance of the matter, have now decided on applying to the Treasury for a special grant, in order to enable them to publish all the most valuable cuneiform inscriptions which have been discovered during the course of the recent excavations. The documents which it is thus proposed to render available for general examination are as follows:—

1. A series of legends (thirty-five in number), from bricks, stone tablets, cones of clay, &c., belonging to the primitive Chaldean Empire, and dating B.C. 2000—1500.
2. Brick legends of the early Assyrian kings, from B.C. 1273 to about 1100.
3. Annals of Tiglath Pileser the First, about B.C. 1120, completed from three cylinders found at Kileh Shirgat.
4. Annals of Sardanapalus, about B.C. 850, from four independent texts at Nimrud.
5. Annals of Shamas-Phul (father of the Biblical Pul), from the new Nimrud Obelisk, about B.C. 800.
6. Short legend of Pul and Semiramis, from a statue of the god Nebo, about B.C. 760.

7. Annals of Sargon, from the new Khorsabad cylinders, about B.C. 705.

8. Annals of Sennacherib, from the famous cylinder of Col. Tayler's, recently acquired by the Museum, B.C. 694.

9. Selections from the annals of *Asshur-bani-pal*, the son of Esar-Haddon, from fragments of cylinders in the Museum—B.C. 660.

10. A set of new types of brick legends, belonging to the later Assyrian kings—Pul, Sargon, Sennacherib, and Esar-Haddon.

11. Cylinders of Nebuchadnezzar, from Birs-i Nimrūd, Senkereh, and Babylon, and cylinders of Nabonidus, from Mugheir; and

12. A series of brick legends, of Nebuchadnezzar, Nereglissor, and Nabonidus, from Babylon, Warka, Senkereh, and Mugheir.

Under these twelve heads a series of historical documents will be brought together, ranging over a period of about 1500 years, from the patriarchal ages to the taking of Babylon by Cyrus. The Inscriptions will be lithographed; and, wherever the originals can be consulted, will be exhibited in fac-simile: the whole forming a quarto volume of about 200 pages.

Another volume, of the same dimensions, will be devoted to miscellaneous matter, collected, for the most part, from the clay tablets, which once formed the library of the kings of Nineveh, and which are now deposited in the British Museum.

The Inscriptions in this volume will be arranged under the following heads:—

1. Syllabaries and vocabularies, together with all the tables, which are very numerous, explanatory of the system of cuneiform writing and of the grammatical structure of the Assyrian language.

2. Specimens of mathematical tables, astronomical formulae, calendars and registers of observations.

3. A selection from the mythological tablets, exhibiting the names and attributes of the gods and goddesses worshipped by the Assyrians, and explaining the general system of the Pantheon.

4. A series of passages referring to the wild sports of the Assyrians, and illustrating the hunting scenes sculptured on the walls of the Nineveh palaces.

5. Architectural descriptions, of great importance for the due understanding of the ruins, as recently uncovered; and

6. A miscellaneous series, comprising dynastic lists, catalogues of the seas, rivers, mountains, and countries known to the Assyrians, classifications, of birds and beasts, &c., &c.

Col. Rawlinson, assisted by Mr. Norris, of the Royal Asiatic Society, will be appointed, we understand, to edit this collection of Inscriptions; and it is calculated that two years will suffice for the completion of the undertaking.

We are further informed that the Trustees, in this publication of the Inscriptions, have declined to sanction interlineary readings in the Roman character, with literal Latin translations. They have thought it better to limit their official guarantee to the faithful reproduction of the cuneiform texts,—throwing on the editors in their unofficial capacity the responsibility of interpretation; nor are we much inclined to quarrel with their decision in this respect, for, on the one hand, as the Trustees of the British Museum do not constitute a critical tribunal like the Council of the French Institute, it would be unwise to commit themselves to a verdict on so complicated a question as the reading of the cuneiform character; and, on the other hand, as the Royal Asiatic Society, relieved of the cuneiform lithography, which is the only expensive part of the publication, will be able to issue in its *Journal*, at a remunerative price, Col. Rawlinson's readings and translations simultaneously with the issue of the Cuneiform texts by the Museum, the public will

not be losers from the division of labor and expense.—*Athenæum*.

A SHARP debate and close division took place on the vote for the National Gallery. The sum named in the estimates is £17,695, which includes the salaries of the newly-appointed officers and the amount proposed to be expended in the purchase of pictures. Of this sum £1,455 are assigned as "salary and travelling expenses" to M. Otto Mündler, the travelling agent named in the new regulations. A cry was raised against this part of the vote. Messrs. Otway, Spooner, Dilwynn, and Brady spoke against the appointment of Mündler to this office, in place of a native artist; and, in spite of the appeals and explanations of Mr. James Wilson, the appointment was only sustained on a division by a majority of seven. In this course we cannot but think the minority was a little unreasonable. Assuredly opposition came with a bad grace from members who are daily clamoring for "the right man in the right place." M. Mündler—if he be all that he is said to be in regard to qualification—is a wise selection for travelling agent.—*Athenæum*.

Two more of the twelve marble statues of English heroes—destined for the hall of St. Stephen's—have been commissioned. Mr. Baily has received Fox as his subject, Mr. Macdowall has received Pitt. Mr. Baily's magnificent statue of Mansfield—seen last year at the Royal Academy—has been erected on its pedestal, making the fifth work in the Hall. Its companions are, Selden (by Mr. Foley), Falkland (by Mr. Bell), Hampden (by Mr. Marshall), and Clarendon (by Mr. Foley). Mr. Bell is engaged on a model of Walpole; and Mr. Macdowall has in hand a statue of Chatham. Mr. Marshall has also a second work in hand. From this enumeration it will be seen that the five sculptors above named have each received two commissions, making ten in the whole. Two more, not yet given away, will complete the series.

The celebrated German painter, Prof. Overbeck (born at Lübeck, 1789), who ever since 1810 has been living at Rome, is visiting at present his native country—for the first time, we believe, since he left it. He will spend some time at Cologne, in order to finish there his large picture, 'The Ascension of the Virgin,' which is intended for one of the altars in the Cathedral—and which a year ago, even in its unfinished state, was the great attraction of the Düsseldorf Exhibition. Prof. Overbeck will work in the Cathedral itself, on the very spot where the picture is to find its place.—*Athenæum*.

THE Marlborough House students have shown great powers of invention by their application of the flowers of the woody nightshade to the purpose of ornamental decoration. About 150 of their designs, composed in a hexagonal form, are now exhibiting at Gore House. With such students, there is no reason that our manufacturers should not every year vary their patterns, and cease either to repeat worn-out conventionalities, or to borrow from other countries. This year's design is as beautiful as the Greek honey-suckle, or any of those patriarchal forms of ornament which have been a thousand years in existence. Perhaps the time may come when they may be buried and forgotten.

MR. RUSKIN is again at work as an illustrator of the genius of Turner. Some drawings by the great master of landscape—twelve in number, but not equally finished—representing the Harbors of England—are in Mr. Ruskin's hands for critical elucidation. The scenes are crowded with boats, as in Turner's "Coast Scenery;" and the circumstance has supplied the commentator with an unworn and picturesque topic

—the history of boat-building in relation to Art in all ages. The work, we understand, is likely to appear in the autumn.—*Athenæum*.

THE rank of British painters has been thinned by the death of Mr. Charles Brocky, whose *tableaux de genre*—with occasional flights of subjects of a higher order,—made him agreeably known to our Exhibition-haunters. His pictures, drawings, &c., announced for sale, will make one of the last Art auctions of the season.

Prince Albert, we understand, has given Mr. Baily a commission for a piece of poetical sculpture—leaving, with great delicacy and no less wisdom, the subject and mode of treatment entirely to the artist himself.

MR. SANT'S picture of "The Fortune Teller," now in the Royal Academy, has been purchased for the chief prize-holder of the London Art Union, and goes to America.

A GREAT Photographic Exhibition has just been held with success at Amsterdam.—*Athenæum*.

THE restoration of the paintings in the dome of St. Paul's is rapidly progressing.—*Ibid*.

COLLINS AT NAPLES.—During the early part of his second sojourn at Naples, he still found himself incapable of greater exertion than walking across his room; but even this tardy progress towards recovery was hailed by his sanguine disposition as the prelude to a speedy restoration, and forced by his unabated energy into ministering to his improvement in Art. Seated at his window, which overlooked the whole Bay of Naples, and a considerable extent of the principal street of the city, he sketched day after day, as long as the light lasted, whatever he saw that pleased him in the landscape or the populace. Idlers in the street, fishermen, country people, and lazzaroni, church processions, and perambulating provision-sellers—all the heterogeneous population of a Neapolitan highway—he thus studied indiscriminately, whether in action or repose, his extraordinary rapidity of workmanship enabling him to commit to paper the distinguishing characteristics of the different figures he saw in motion, as they passed by his window. His landscape-sketching was followed with the same industry and dexterity. One morning he began at breakfast to transcribe a gloomy effect of storm and rain over the Castello dell'Uovo, and the mountains and sea beyond it. He had scarcely finished it, when the shifting clouds, at noon, produced a totally different aspect of delicate, airy sunlight over the whole scene. Another piece of paper was handed to him, and another sketch produced of the old castle and its background, under the new light. A few hours afterwards, as the sun set, the clouds again gathered over the sky, and the view so tenderly tinted at noon, now became suffused in a rich golden glow indescribably brilliant and beautiful. Under this third aspect the same scene was depicted by Mr. Collins in a third sketch; forming the last, and grandest, in one day's series of illustrations of atmospheric effect. When it is added that these, and all his other studies during this period, were made while his right hand was still so powerless with rheumatism that he was obliged to lift it to his paper with the left, a better idea of the strength of his practical character, and the determination of his industry as a painter, may be gathered, than any prolixity of the most labored narration can possibly convey.—*Life of Collins*.

PROFESSOR S. F. B. MORSE, having been called upon for a speech at the Yale Alumni, excused himself as follows:—"There is a passage of Scripture, which, applied to the Telegraph, fully excuses me—'There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their lines are gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.'"